

POETRY.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

LINES

To the memory of JOHN G. WILLIAMS, who died in Eastern Pennsylvania, about a year ago.

Mourn, ye kind and friendly ones,
Mourn in accents deep and grave,
Not for freedom's gallant sons,
But the poor down-trodden slave.

Mourn ye long, and longer yet,
While you this great loss deplore—
Lo! a brilliant star has set,—
JOHN G. WILLIAMS is no more.

Filled with anti-slavery zeal,
None more justly earned applause;
With his shoulders to the wheel,
Died he in the righteous cause.

His philanthropy was strong,
When it looked upon the oppressor;
When he could, he curbed the wrong,
Warm benevolence ruled his breast.

Yet were not his aims confined
To the colored man alone;
All the round of humankind
Stood as brethren of his own.

Peaceable in all men's sight,
Peace his study still he made,
And since peace was his delight,
PEACE TO HIS ILLUSTRIOUS SHADE.

MAHONING BARD.

Mount Union, 8th mo. 1845.

THE RISING.

Hark to the tramp!
Without a sound, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their panper sire,
And laborers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad come, hand in hand;
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head,
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout sent upwards to the sky,
OF BREAD! BREAD!

That word their ensign—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain;
That the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil:
Oh, not in vain!

One single year and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and laggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes; their sole desire,
Rude comfort near the cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And pride elate;
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes—To-night the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door.
And wine will run
In floods, and rufflers blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun!

And plate carved round with quaint device
And cups all gold will melt like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamp of bloody hands,
And trampling feet!

And Murder—from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men
Till creatures born
For good (whose hearts kind pity nursed)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed,
But yester-morn.

So, wealth by want will be o'erthrown,
And want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood,
Sweet peace! who sit'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the lute to the great,
Canst Thou not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud!

Between the pomp of Cæsar's state,
And frus, starved by sullen Fate—
'Tween 'thee' and 'me,'—
'Tween deadly frost and scorching sun—
The thirty tyrants and the one—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore—
Turk's bowstring—Tartar's vile Ukase—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore!

Oh, God! since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been—from man to man
War to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame—from crime—from despair
Man's puerile life!

There are now more than ten millions of
pounds of tea, and fifty millions of pounds of
coffee, consumed in the United States annu-
ally, and the quantity is rapidly increasing.
Tea and coffee will produce delirium tre-
mens quite as quickly as ardent spirits, if they
are used to the same excess.—Graham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Liberty Advocate.

A DREAM—A DREAM.

I dreamed a dream; if I don't mistake
I dreamed this dream when wide awake.

I dreamed that I saw Dr. JUNKIN, on a
Sabbath evening, sitting in his richly fur-
nished parlor, in Free Pennsylvania, engaged
in deep thought, how best to promote the
interest of the Old School Presbyterian
Church, and to spread abroad the "Patriar-
chal" institutions of the South, so as to
cover the North with its blessings; and in-
stantly I saw him spring to his feet, and
clapping his hands on his forehead, I heard
him utter in most reproachful terms the fol-
lowing soliloquy:

"How vastly short we 'latter-day' Presby-
terians have come of living out the laws
which Jehovah gave to the Jews. It was in
his statute that the brother should marry the
wife of a deceased brother; but now they are
shamefully neglected and, often suffered to
die in widowhood, without being married by
any one. If a man stole an ox, the law re-
quired that he should restore four oxen; but
we send the thief to the Penitentiary, and
the rightful owner is often cheated out of the
value of his animal. The law of Moses per-
mitted a man to have a dozen or more
wives; but here in this infidel land, it is
contrary to the municipal regulations of the
State to have but one, and she has to be taken
'better for worse,' but more frequently
worse for better. It is different in the South,
and more in accordance with the word of
God. Solomon had three hundred wives and
seven hundred concubines. He was a man
after God's own heart, and mine too. If I
lived in the South I might be a Solomon—
if not in wisdom, in other respects. I could
have as many concubines as he had, if I
could raise money enough to buy them, or
women enough to raise them from. It
grieves me that the 'peculiar institutions' of
the South are not peculiar to Pennsylvania.
If a disobedient son was found guilty of
breaking the Sabbath he was stoned to death;
but who, in these degenerate times, ever saw
his son or his neighbor's son put to death
in that way? The Quakers are Sab-
bath-breakers, and should all be stoned to
death, old and young. We have, as Presby-
terians, degenerated much, ever since the
days of our Puritan fathers, who hung Quak-
ers, drowned wizards, and burnt witches.
Would to God they had hung all the Quak-
ers, from old Wm. Penn down to the young-
est disciple, except the pious member and
Proslavery Hicksites! They give as much
support to the cause of slavery as any other
people in the world; but I fear, I awfully
fear, they will yet desert us. The anti-slav-
ery Quakers are, I believe, the prime movers
of this abolition which so much disturbs the
'quiet' of the Churches, and even my
sleeping hours." (He sees JOHN passing
through the hall.) "Hallo, there, John!"

JOHN.—Your humble servant, sir.

Dr.—I desire you should summon into my
presence, *instantly*, about three hundred and
eighteen of the servants born in my house,
and bought with my money. I wish to arm
them, and march a crusade against this fi-
nancial band of Quakers, and other Abolition-
ists, who have risen up in these latter
days, bidding defiance to God and his
'peculiar institutions.'

JOHN.—Why, father, you are beside your-
self! You have no servants! I think you
have mistaken yourself for ABRAHAM! Or it
may be, for DR. ANDERSON, or DR. CAPERS,
or some other southern Patriarch!

Dr.—Pshaw! I have studied so much on
this Abolitionism, and the disobedience of
our Church to the commandments of God,
that my feverish brain has, for the time lost
its equilibrium. John, bring me the Bible.
I want slaves, and I wish to procure them in
God's own appointed way.

JOHN.—The Bible. The Doctor turns to
the twenty-fifth chapter of LEVITICUS, and
reads the forty-fourth verse: "Both thy bond
men, and bond maids, which thou shalt have,
shall be of the heathen that are round about
you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bond
maids."

Acting in accordance with the authority
found in the above quoted text, the Doctor
proceeds on board an AMERICAN SLAYER, and
sails for the 'heathen round about'—to Africa,
the slaughter-house of fallen Christianity.

When he reached the blood-stained
shores of that ill-fated land, I dreamed that
he met BISHOP SOULE and ALEXANDER CAMP-
BELL, whose cogitations had led them to the
same conclusion with himself. The Bishop
was busily engaged in driving a bargain
with a heathen—for we are commanded to
buy of the heathen—for five hundred slaves.
They were 'prime,' worthy women, and
some of them *pretty fair*, being related to
slaveholding missionaries who were sent to
that country in the year 1824. The heathen
asked the round sum of \$100,000 for the lot;
but the Bishop declared he would give
but \$90,000. Dr. Junkin, after surveying
the lot, counted down the price, and the
slaves were pronounced his. As a matter
of course, the numerous "silver handcuffs,"
which had been voted to him as honorable
testimonials of his adhesion to slavery, were
placed upon their wrists, and they driven to
the slave prisons for safe keeping. Bishop
Soule made a purchase of two hundred and
fifty, for which he paid \$50,000, these two
lots were the only ones the heathen Kings
were able to take in three or four successive
years, in which were slaughtered near four
thousand men, women, and children.

Alexander Campbell in the mean time,
felt that his trip to Africa was about to prove
a failure. The long-headed, head long Camel
was suddenly relieved by the following
thought: "Now if I can prove by the word of
God, that the rich heathen of whom Dr. Junkin
and Bishop Soule made their purchases have
a right to sell them both, with all their
effects, I shall then own them and all their
slaves." So Alexander very learnedly steps
up to the heathen merchants and tells them
what is a fact, "that the Jews gave the name
of Gentiles to the uncircumcised persons;
hence the word, *Gentile*, *Pagan*, and *heathen*,

are synonymous, and christians are also termed
heathen by the Jews." Campbell proves
that the Jewish law under which they act
authorizes the heathen merchants of Guinea
to sell the heathen *Junkins* and *Soules*—so
Campbell buys them of the heathen with
all their effects, slaves and silver handcuffs.
After this purchase he prevailed on a third
heathen to sell him the two now rich heath-
ens for a small sum. This done, Alexander
becomes immensely wealthy, by obedience
to the word of God. He crowds his ser-
vants of the "heathen round about" in the
middle passage of a South Carolina slaver,
and in a few weeks he is safely landed at the
mouth of the Rio del Norte, in Texas, where
he intends stocking a large cotton farm.—
Alexander quotes: "'Tis the Lord's doings
and is marvelous in our eyes;" and, "Bless-
ed be the Lord, for I am rich."

And I dreamed that Junkin and Soule,
now robbed of their wives, separated from
their children, reduced to the condition of
"chattels personal," having no home, no
country, no friends, regret exceedingly that
God ever gave a law so destitute of humani-
ty as to authorize a slavery bound on the
soul for life, and that Jesus and the Apostles
did not bear testimony against an oppres-
sion so grievous to be borne.

H * * *

From Burrell's Christian Citizen.

A BEAUTY-GEM OF WAR.

A writer, who was an eye-witness of the
arrival of a remnant of Napoleon's army at
Dresden, relates the following heart-rending
anecdote:—

The regiment of body-guards that accom-
panied himself so manfully at M—, has, in
returning to Moscow, been altogether cut up
—mostly by the frost. Of the whole regim-
ent, only about seventy remain.

Single bodies arrive by degrees, but in the
main in a most pitiable plight. When they
reach the Saxon border, they are assisted by
their compassionate countrymen, who enable
them to make the rest of the road in a car-
riage or wagon.

On Sunday forenoon, I went to the *Lin-
coln* and found a crowd collected round
a cart, in which some soldiers had returned
from Russia. No grenade of grape could
have disfigured them as I beheld them, the
victims of cold. One of them had lost the
upper joints of his ten fingers and showed
us the black stumps. Another looked as if
he had been in the hands of the Turk for
he wanted both ears and nose. Most horri-
ble was the look of a third; *whose eyes were
frozen*. The eyelids hung down rotting, and
the globes of the eyes were burst and pro-
truded out of the sockets. It was awfully
hideous, but a more hideous object was yet
to present itself. Out of the straw in the
bottom of the cart, I now beheld a figure
creep painfully, which one could scarcely be-
lieve to be a human being so wild and dis-
torted were his features. The lips were rot-
ted away, and teeth exposed. He pulled the
cloak away from before his mouth, and grin-
ed on us like a death's head. Then he
burst out into a wild laughter—began to give
the command in broken French, in a voice
nearer like the bark of a dog, than anything
human; and we saw that the poor wretch was
mad from a frozen brain. Suddenly a cry
was heard, "Henry! my Henry!" and a young
girl rushed up to the cart. The poor lunatic
rubbed his brow, as if trying to recollect
where he was—he then stretched out his
arms to the distracted girl, and lifted himself
up with his whole strength. A shuddering
fever-fit came over him. He fell and lay
breathless upon the straw. The girl was re-
moved forcibly from the corpse.—It was her
bridegroom!

Could the father who is swelling the huz-
za for the warrior, have witnessed that scene—
could he have seen the dying man, the
lover and the loved, could he have seen the
hot tears of the distracted girl—felt the bit-
terness of her soul, methinks if there lay in
his bosom a spark of latent feeling, the huz-
za would die on his lips.

Mother! had that broken-hearted being
first drawn its sustenance from your breast
—had you first heard it hiss the name of
'mother'—had she been your idol!—the an-
gel of your dreams! the image of your imagi-
nation, oh! had you seen her sky suddenly
darkened by horrible clouds—had you listened
to the snap of her heart-strings—marked her
desolate eye—and seen your dearest girl
down to a dark and hopeless grave—and did
you know that all this woe and sorrow was
necessary to the warrior's fame—was neces-
sary to the victor—Mother! would you not
teach your little ones to regard the warrior
as an enemy to humanity!—to God?

Maiden!—you on whose polished fingers
the laurel wreath is resting, awaiting the time
when it shall deck the warrior's brow—Maiden
pause! Pause, and ask him! 'What is
thy glory?' Is it in broken hearts? In the
wailings of damned spirits? Is it in the
widow's tear? In her sigh? In the soldier's
dying moan? Tell me warrior, tell me, ere
I add to your fame or glory.

Avon, Conn. June 4, 1845.

D. W. B.

A CHAPTER ON CITY LIFE.

'A wounded spirit who can hear.'

Some few years since, two interesting and
accomplished young French ladies arrived
in this country, one of them as governess in
the family of an opulent merchant, returning
from Paris. She remained with them a term
of years and her sister was employed as a
French teacher in a fashionable Female Sem-
inary up town. Time passed and they reach-
ed mature life, and by change of position or
loss of friends, they were compelled to re-
sort to needle-work, having hired a couple
of rooms in a house beyond the densely pop-
ulated portion of New York. They became
very poor, but with the peculiar tact of French
ladies, delicacy led them to conceal the fact
from friends, who would most cheerfully
have rendered them any pecuniary aid. A
few days since, a gentleman received an an-
onymous note, probably written by some
one who suspected their painful situation,
stating that these ladies were in a state of
extreme destitution, and one of them was
dead! He immediately went to the obscure

home in the upper part of the city, and the
fearful truth flashed over his mind, that these
refined, shrinking delicate women had suf-
fered from absolute want, without even an
intimation of it to the family who occupied
the other portion of the house. The surviv-
ing one was in feeble health, very much em-
aciated and heart-broken at the loss of her
sister. Every aid was rendered and attempts
were made to soothe the bleeding wounds of
the survivor. But she was almost inconsol-
able, and although herself much emaciated
and very feeble, she refused to be comforted.

Arrangements were at once made for the
funeral, and on the afternoon of the succeed-
ing day, a number of families went out in
their own carriages, determined to take the
surviving sister to one of their sumptuous
mansions. Their amazement may well be
concealed, when upon arriving at the now
lonely home of those accomplished, and once
beautiful girls to find that the remaining sis-
ter was also dead! Want had produced ex-
haustion, grief had aided the work of death,
and when one sister died, the full heart of
the other was broken with anguish, and both
were laid in the same grave. This is no fic-
tion. It is a solemn fact, and only another
dark shade in the character of city life.—
Philadelphia Post.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]

THE INDIANS IN PARIS.

Some interesting particulars are given of
the death of O-ki-oui-mi, the wife of the Lit-
tle Wolf.

"The death of a very young child, whom
this poor woman lost in London, may be con-
sidered the determining cause of her malady.
She had already lost three children, and could
no longer resist her grief. Her husband,
who showed her the utmost and most con-
stant tenderness, tried to recall her to life; but
she replied, 'No! my four children call me;
I see them with the Great Spirit; they stretch
out their arms, and are surprised that I have
not already rejoined them.'

The last four days of her life, the Little
Wolf did not appear in the exhibition room
of Mr. Catlin; he did not quit for an instant
his wife, but watched her night and day,
serving her with all zeal and love, and refus-
ing to permit any person to aid him. He
received the last wishes of his wife. She
desired him to thank the physicians for their
care for one so unhappy, and to say she was
now about to become a happy mother, since
the Great Spirit would re-visit her with her
four children. She gave orders in what dress
to inter her body, and asked that they would
leave upon her neck a medallion of the Vir-
gin, *mother of the Great Spirit of the Chris-
tians*. The interpreter, hearing her say this,
went for a priest, who, not arriving before
her death, recited over the corpse the pray-
ers of the Catholic Church.

The Little Wolf then dressed her as she
had desired, and painted her, according to
the custom of the tribe. The three L'ovay
women lamented over the body of her who
had become endeared to them during their
companionship of travel, though a daughter
of the Sae tribe, hostile to theirs, and not by
birth and education a sister.

When her child died in London, the En-
glish showed both for her and her husband
lively sympathy; they erected a tomb to the
child, and the Quakers, to re-assure the Lit-
tle Wolf, who feared the tomb might be violated
by surgeons, engaged to keep constant watch
over it.

The 14th June, at 12 o'clock, the funeral
left the house, Rue St. Honoré, where Mr.
Melody lives with the Indians. In one of
the carriages was the Little Wolf, with the
Doctor. The General Commandant, M. Jeff-
rey, the interpreter, and the Abbe Alfred
Wattermore, for whom the poor O-ki-oui-mi
had conceived a great affection and from
whom she had received the first notions of
Christianity.

The bier was richly ornamented and fol-
lowed by several carriages, the chief mourn-
ers being Messrs. Catlin, Melody, and Alex.
Wattermore, friend of the two honorable An-
mericans who accompanied these Indians to
Europe.

A crowd followed to the Magdalen Church.
The Indians were introduced there and con-
ducted to the foremost row of reserved seats,
beside the desk. They took their places,
gravely, without saying a word.

The grief of Chone-ta-giga, Little Wolf,
appeared profound; his noble and good coun-
tenance was darkened with sadness, his eyes
bloodshot; ten days had added ten years to
his age. The Doctor seemed, also much af-
fected, and showed it by a calm sternness
we should have thought impossible to this
man, who, notwithstanding his age, has the
gaiety and liveliness of a young boy. As to
Oua-tou-lu-ka-na, that charming youth of
the proud distinguished air, he looked as
grave and sad as the others.

They were all very simply dressed, none
faced except the Doctor, who had upon his
face a thin coat of yellow that gave it the
look of a bronze mask. The Little Wolf
had laid aside all his usual ornaments; on his
scalp he had neither vermillion, hair or feath-
ers, a band of stuff bordered with pearl beads
around his head was all its covering. The
General had on an eagle's plume, the Doctor
hair. Some of them wore bear-skins, but
one a purple shirt. Each had in his hand
an eagle's plume, which he used as a fan.—
On their feet plain moccasins, with the ex-
ception of the General. Embroidered gar-
tures, bracelets, and wampum in the ears were
the only ornamental parts of their attire."

We are very glad to see that such refined
sympathy is shown for the Red Chiefs in
Europe, and such intelligent respect for cus-
toms, every one of which is a poetical record
of their history, which must ever remain a
dead letter to those who have no eye for such
tokens.

THE MORAVIAN VICTORY.

"During the rebellion in Ireland, in 1793,
the rebels had long meditated an attack on
the Moravian settlement at Grace Hill, Wex-
ford county. At length they put their threat
into execution, and a large body of them
marched to the town. When they arrived
there they saw no one in the streets nor in
their house. The brethren had long expect-
ed this attack, but true to their Christian pro-

fession, they would not have recourse to arms
for their defence, but assembled in their
chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him
to whom they trusted to be their shield in
the great hour of danger. The ruffian band,
hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and
slaughter were struck with astonishment at
this novel sight; where they expected an ar-
med band, they saw it clasped in prayer.—
Where they expected weapon to weapon,
and the body armed for the fight, they saw
the bended knee and humbled head before
the altar of the Prince of Peace. They heard
the prayer for protection—they heard the in-
tended victims asking mercy for their mur-
ders—they heard the song of praise, and
the hymn of confidence in the 'sure promise
of the Lord.' They beheld in silence this
little band of Christians—they felt unable to
raise their hands against them, and after lin-
gering in the streets, which they filled, for a
night and a day, with one consent they turn-
ed and marched away from the place without
having injured an individual, or purloined a
single loaf of bread. In consequence of this
signal mark of protection from Heaven, the
inhabitants of the neighboring village brought
their goods and asked for shelter in the Grace
Hill, which they called the City of Refuge."
Good! Good!

"THE HORRORS OF OPIUM EATING.—A writer
in India, who was a constant witness of
its terrible effects, draws a startling picture
of this horrible sensation to which the opium
eater subjects himself. In two years from
the time he commences its use he must ex-
pect to die, and a death most terrible, which
makes one shudder to think of. After the
bad habit becomes confirmed, the counten-
ance presents an ashy paleness—the eyes as-
sume a wild brightness—the memory fails—
the gut totters—mental and moral courage
sinks, and frightful marasmus or apathy, re-
duces the victim to a ghastly spectre—a liv-
ing skeleton. There is no slavery of body
and mind equal to that of the opium taker.
Once habituated to its doses as a fictitious
stimulant, every thing will be endured rather
than the privation of it; and the unhappy
victim endures all the consciousness of his
own degraded state, while he is ready to sell
all he has in the world; to part with family
and friends—rather than surrender the use of
this fatal drug—this transient delight. The
pleasurable sensations and imaginative ideas
arising at first, soon pass away; they become
fainter and fainter, and at last give place to
horrid dreams; appalling pictures of death—
spectres of fearful vision haunt the mind—
the light of heaven is converted into the gloom
of hell; sleep flies forever; night succeeds day
to be clothed in never ending horrors—in-
cessant sickness—vomiting and total derange-
ment of the digestive organs ensue, and death
at last relieves the victim of this sensual en-
joyment.

AN ABSTRACT JESUS.—While listening a
short time since to a sermon in which the
minister was portraying in an elegant man-
ner the situation of Christ on the cross, and
in the rich style of romance depicting the
scene of Calvary, and then calling upon the
sinner to look upon this Jesus as worthy of
his highest affections, I thought at the mo-
ment how that same minister was accustomed
to turn away from the story of the poor
slave's wretchedness and suffering and woe,
and I remembered that Jesus taught, "Inas-
much as ye have done it to the least of these,
ye have done it unto me," and I thought
within myself as I listened to the orator in
that pulpit, I should like to tell him, Yours
is an abstract Jesus. As you hate slavery
only in the abstract, so you love Jesus in the
abstract too. But would you love the sin-
ner to love Jesus, tell him, Look at that
wounded Jew; go and bind up his wounds,
and though thou art a Samaritan, thou wilt
find thy heart in sympathy with the heart of
Jesus.

It is not by beautiful paintings only that
Jesus becomes the object of man's love. He
who kindly treats the poor, loves Him who
though he was rich yet for our sakes became
poor, that we through his poverty might be
made rich. Alas! how many on Lord's Day
weep at the pathetic story of the gashes in
Jesus' back, and the next day make like fur-
rows in the flesh of one for whom the Savior
died. This is not fiction, alas! 'thine heart
sickeneth truth.—Christian Freeman.

DUELING.—Two musketoes, one morn-
ing, met on a leaf in a garden. Both were
filled with the blood drawn during their last
nocturnal depredations. They were silent,
and "dumpy," cross, and savage. One of
them ran out his sting, and pointed towards
the first musketoe. This was considered an
insult. And so the offended musketoe steps
up to the other and says:

"Did you turn up your sting to me?"
The answer was—"I ran out my sting;
you can apply it as you choose."

"Sir," says the first, "you are impertin-
ent."

Answer—"Sir, your remark savors of ras-
cality."

"Hah!" exclaimed the other; "a downright
insult! No gentlemanly musketoe will sub-
mit to such treatment without demanding
satisfaction! Draw, villain, and defend your
self!" they rushed together, and, running one
another through the body, died "honorable"
deaths.

Brute force may make a hypocrite, a christi-
an never.

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE."

NEW GARDEN—David L. Galbreath.
COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes.
COOL SPRING—T. Ellwood Vickers.
MARLBORO—Dr. K. G. Thomas.
BERLIN—Jacob H. Barnes.
CANFIELD—John Wetmore.
LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler.
POLAND—Christopher Lee.
YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson.
NEW LYME—Hannibal Reeve.
AKRON—Thomas P. Beach.
NEW LISBON—George Garrison.
CINCINNATI—William Donaldson.
SALINEVILLE—James Farmer.
EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh.
FALLSTON Pa.—Joseph B. Coale.